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MACAO—THE RETREAT OF CAMOENS.

The island of Macao has lost much of its importance in modern days. Once it was a great mart of trade. Perhaps emulation of its British neighbours, now we have become possessed of Hong Kong, will work a change. The degenerate Portuguese may rise from that slothful negligence into which they appear to have long slumbered, and render Macao again an object of interest in a mercantile point of view.

Situate near the mouth of the Bocca Tigris, and separated from the continent but by a narrow river channel, in the prouder days of Portugal, it was the principal medium of commercial communication between Europe and China. Now become comparatively insignificant, it contains a population of about twelve thousand souls, of whom one-third are Portuguese.

Approaching it from the sea, its situation and aspect much resemble Cadiz. It is a small granatic peninsula, attached to the Island of Heang-shan by a very narrow isthmus. The climate is healthy, being freely exposed to the sea air, and the place has good water, bread, and a well-stocked bazaar. The functionaries belonging to the East India Company's factory at Canton were accustomed to reside here during the whole of what is termed the "dead season." On landing, the spectator has before him a semicircular bay, encompassed with rising hills, crowned with forts, convents, churches, and private buildings. The circuit of the peninsula is about eight English miles, its extent three, and its greatest breadth nearly a mile. It was about the middle of the sixteenth century that the Portuguese established themselves here, having had temporary shelter on shore as early as 1537. They pay a ground-rent to the present day; and mandarins periodically inspect the Portuguese forts, as well as levy duties on the Macao shipping. In 1573, the Chinese erected a barrier wall, with a guard-house, across the isthmus. A civil mandarin resides within the town, and governs it in the name of the Emperor. The Chinese population of Macao is entirely under the control of the mandarin; but the Portuguese enjoy the privilege of governing themselves.

The houses in Macao are large and commodious, built generally in the European style, and stuccoed or white-washed. There is a well-supplied market. The church of Saint Antonio stands on a hill, from which most beautiful prospects of the

surrounding land and water are obtained. In the building many splendid statues and paintings are to be seen.

Among the objects of curiosity at Macao the cave and garden of Camoens are eminently distinguished. The latter commands a noble view, continually varied by the numerous vessels which are constantly in sight. The romantic cave in which the poet of the 'Luciad' is supposed to have composed his great work, is shown with reverential care, and the stone seat on which, according to tradition, he sat and wrote, is of course honoured with the special attention of every votary of literature.

In the history of Camoens, the Homer of Portugal, there is much to interest. His life was a stormy career. He had great afflictions to mourn, hope gladdened only to disappoint. Beauty caught his eye and inflamed his heart, but vanished at his approach. On the 11th of April, 1542, Dona Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest attachment, met his ardent gaze in the church of Christ's Wounds at Lisbon. He was then eighteen years of age, and full of enthusiasm. The lady was virtuous as she was fair. Their love was mutual, but hers was for many months concealed. He continued to worship at her shrine, with but slender encouragement, and when, after what in our day would be called a long courtship, he ventured to solicit a ringlet of her charming hair, she would only bestow one of the silken fillets which encircled her head, with an intimation that in the fulness of time a lock of hair would requite his devotion. Some imprudence into which he was betrayed, scandal says with a married lady, caused him to be banished from Lisbon. It was then that the fair one he had so fondly wooed, the beautiful Caterina, relented, and confessed to the desponding poet the passion which he had inspired. He left the presence of his mistress, and sought for glory fighting against the Moors. In a sea-fight he had the misfortune to lose his right eye, by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was engaged. The courage which he displayed in many battles won favour for him, and he was recalled from exile. He hastened to Lisbon, to throw himself at the feet of Dona Caterina, and on his arrival had the affliction to find that she was no more.

To the sorrows caused by her loss, those which now grew on straitened means were to be added. The reward to which he considered he was entitled for his services he long sought in vain. He determined at length to endeavour to gain for himself independence in India. The feeling with which the resentful poet left Portugal is very distinctly transmitted to us. "The last words," he says in a letter to a friend, "which I uttered when leaving, were those of Scipio Africanus, '*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.*'"*

Again he fought bravely, but indulging a satirical vein, and holding up to just derision a ridiculous parody on a tournament given by a despicable governor, procured for Camoens another sentence of banishment. The following are some of the reflections suggested to him:

"I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes,
And he was poor, without a friend,
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r,
Which rightly suffering wrong,
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,
But Virtue late and long."

The varied scenes which he was fated to know, tantalised with all that love, and fame, and fortune could offer at various periods, yet doomed to disappointment, banishment, and want, might well justify the feelings he breathes in his 'Luciad:'

"What perils numberless and imminent
Ceaseless assail life's mutable career,
Ev'n where we centre all our fondest hopes
They vanish like an unsubstantial dream."

And how natural is the question which the care-worn pilgrim subsequently asks:

"To what asylum shall frail man retreat,
Where pass secure the narrow span of life,
That placid heaven unruffled may not launch,
Its thunderbolt against so poor a worm?"

He had to complain of the world; but one humble object in it connected with Camoens, we cannot but contemplate with admiring wonder — his glorious slave! Antonio (a man of colour), a native of Java, having saved his life when he suffered shipwreck, accompanied him to Lisbon. There faithful to him in his extremest distress, the noble-hearted Antonio would never leave him, but begged through the streets of Lisbon during the day, to share the produce of his mendicity with his master at night. Camoens at length reached life's goal in wretched poverty. The following inscription was placed over his remains: "Here lies Louis de Camoens, Prince of the Poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable, and died such; Anno Domini 1579." Sufficient honours have since been rendered to his memory. Those who coldly permit the struggling man of genius to sink neglected to the earth, generally are extremely liberal when the object of their admiration can nothing profit from their gifts. It would seem as if they expected to buy absolution for cruelty by a sickening exhibition of folly.

* "Ungrateful country! thou shalt not possess my bones."

KING JAMES THE SECOND AND THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

The various stages of James the Second's life are marked by strange varieties: brave at one time; pusillanimous at another; coldly cruel and tyrannical on the throne; and a model of pious resignation in exile. These changes are presented to our view in the several stages of his existence. "My Lord Chief Justice is on his campaign," is the mirthful conceit in which he indulges while Jefferies was engaged in what writers of the period called "the bloody assizes." His conduct to his nephew, the unfortunate duke, was marked by gloomy, inflexible severity. In speaking of him, he manifests a feeling that he who aspires to be a king should never be wanting in dignity and courage; nay, he who had only aspired to a throne he considered ought never to exhibit momentary weakness. In a letter written to the Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third dated July 14, 1685, he thus expresses himself:—

"The Duke of Monmouth is brought up hither with Lord Grey and the Brandenburgher. The two first desired very earnestly to speak with me, as having things of importance to say to me, which they did, but did not answer my expectation, in what they said to me: the Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected, from one who had taken upon him to be king. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow. For Lord Grey, he appeared more resolute and ingenious, and never so much as once asked for his life."

The same sentiment is breathed by the royal uncle in announcing the death of the young duke. Writing on the 17th July, he says,—

"He was very solicitous to have gained more time, and did many things towards it, not very decent for one who had taken on him the title of King. He was beheaded on Wednesday on the Tower hill. He died resolutely, and a downright enthusiast."

Yet what can be said of the firmness of the king writing thus, who did not dare to see the nephew in the presence of two other persons, without having him securely bound:

"Barillon in his despatch of the 26th of July, 1685, says that he saw the Duke of Monmouth pass through the apartments of the palace to his interview with the King; that his arms were tied behind, but his hands free; that none but the two secretaries of state were present at the interview."

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

The subject of the following memoir furnishes a singular instance of successful versatility. It would almost seem as if his actual doings had suggested the fanciful character of *Tristram Fickle* in the farce of the 'Weathercock,' which playgoers love to laugh at. His powers appear to have been stirring within him, and to have denied him repose, till at length they could be exerted in that particular direction which has rendered him the delight and the glory of his countrymen.

Adam Oehlenschläger was born in a suburb of Copenhagen on the 14th November, 1779. His father held the situation of organist and steward at Friedricksberg, a royal country seat in the neighbourhood. This residence, which had been built by Frederick IV after his return from Italy, animated and gay with the pomp and bustle of the court in summer, was left in winter almost deserted, under the charge of the poet's father. The poet was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent, and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and surrounded by these splendours, not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales. At the age of twelve he exchanged the freedom of the country, and the stately rooms of the royal residence, for a narrow lodging in the town, to commence his studies, under Edward Storm, a Norwegian, a poet, and a man of talent. Though Oehlenschläger's reading had been of the most desultory kind, Storm saw in his activity, and the energy with which he pursued those studies which interested him, the promise of improvement. He had been overheard in the chapel of Friedricksberg, when he thought himself alone, delivering extempore discourses from the pulpit, much to the satisfaction of the clergyman, who happened on one occasion to listen to him from the sacristy, and forthwith advised his father to make him a preacher. Whatever he learned himself he instantly set about communicating to others. Having promised to give one of his young friends instructions in anatomy, he prevailed on him to accompany him to Friedricksberg, where he had procured the skeleton of a child for the purpose of demonstration. The friends were to sleep in the same room; the skeleton, after the conclusion of the lecture, was left on the table; and the lecturer and his pupil had dropped asleep. Suddenly they were awakened by a knocking at the door, and lay motionless with terror, thinking that the owner of the skeleton had come in person from the tomb to reclaim his bones. Great was their relief when they found that it was only the old maid servant, who had come to bring the anatomist his night-shirt. At school,

instead of being devoted to Latin and history, he took the direction of stage-playing, dramatic composition, and pugilistic exhibitions. The latter were, indeed, in some measure forced upon him. His father, who was not very well able to defray the expenses of his education, had, as a good speculation, purchased from the keeper of the king's wardrobe a number of faded suits, out of which the young poet had been equipped for school. "There I walked about," says he, "for a long time in coats which had once figured on the backs of crown princes, and stiff boots which had been worn by kings, while my pantaloons were made out of the cloth which had covered some old billiard table, now out of commission." This strange raiment, his long dark hair straggling over his shoulders, and his tall thin figure towering above the rest, "like the minster over the houses in Strasburg," rendered him at first the butt of the school; and it was only after bestowing a sound drubbing on some of the ringleaders, that he was allowed to wear these memorials of ancient grandeur in quiet. Once fairly naturalized, his liveliness and ingenuity rendered him a favourite. He headed the sports of his companions, and organized a regular system of stage plays, the young poet himself being generally the composer and the principal performer. "My dear child," Storm used sometimes to say, "you are a greater poet than Molière; *he* used to think it quite a feat to write a piece in eight days, *you* manage the matter with ease in one." Occasionally some blundering comrade ruined the effect of Oehlenschläger's most impassioned scenes by some unlucky *contre-temps*. He and his comrades were one day performing a very touching piece, in which the heroine was to faint on being informed by a truculent father that she was not to wed her lover. The despairing father, who could not remember a word of his part, but who with a strange perversity had bestowed his chief attention on the stage directions, looking at the fainting lady, repeated with much gravity, "During this time the other characters support her;" and after uttering this affecting apostrophe, immediately disappeared. A well-administered blow from the prompter sent him back upon the stage, and, like an application of animal magnetism, restored at the same time the memory of the performer.

Approaching his sixteenth year he became more diligent; praise and rewards had occasionally been bestowed upon him; he had acquired a passable knowlege of history, geography, and his mother tongue; understood German well, French indifferently, and had a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. Like Shakspeare, he had little Latin and less Greek. His father's first intention had been, that he should devote himself to merchandise; but ignorant as he was of English, and a bad arithmetician, he had no inclination to commerce. To his great relief, the merchant into whose counting-house his father had hoped to introduce him could not receive him, and so the obnoxious proposal was dropped, and he prevailed on his father to allow him to resume his studies, with the view of passing his examination in arts, and again plunged into belles-lettres and poetry. It is singular that most of his early efforts should have been in the comic and satirical vein. The gaiety of youth is instinctive, not reflective, while comedy, with its exhibitions of the weaknesses and absurdities of life, is the result of an enlarged experience of society, reflection on its follies, and of those feelings of vanity and vexation of spirit which that experience and reflection give rise to. In such a mind as Oehlenschläger's we should have imagined that the tragic or epic would have pre-occupied the ground which might have been assigned to the comic or idyllic; but, probably, his choice was influenced by no deeper principle than imitation, and the chance which had thrown Holberg's Comedies, Wessel's *Liebe ohne Strumpfe* (Love without Stockings), and such parodies on the sentimental school into his hands before the grave pieces of Schiller and Goëthe.

He felt strong delight in romance reading, and particularly works in which spectres and chimeras dire formed the machinery of the story. Hoffman had not at that time astonished the world by his ghastly phantasmagoria, in which the devil and his angels seem perpetually on the broad grin, and the reader wandering among doubles of himself, and passing inexplicably from the regions of this lower world into a land of shadows, and from fairy land back to reality, feels himself throughout, as it were, in a hazy, troubled, oppressive, and night-mare dream. Weber's romantic legends of the olden time he read with approbation; but for the genuine ghost story, which makes the knotted and combined locks to part, and the reader to feel as if he were undergoing the operation of scalping, Spiess was the man! Over his horrors Oehlenschläger loved to pore, till the fantastic began to overpower the satirical tendency in his mind, and the common events of life to be overshadowed by an atmosphere of terror. On the road, for instance, between Copenhagen and Friedricksberg, stood the public place of execution, in a waste field looking towards the sea, the wheel and gallows reading a moral lesson to the traveller and the gentlemen of the shade, as they past. During the dynasty of Spiess and his brethren, a criminal had been executed

at this spot. Oehlenschläger had gone one afternoon with his sister and the servant to the Suderfeld, to gather some walnuts, which the gardener had still left on the topmost branches of the trees. His sister had been rather silent and gloomy during their walk;—the sun had set, the autumn evening was closing in. Suddenly she proposed to him to go out to the field and see the dead man. Ashamed to decline following where a female offered to lead, he assented, though the nut which he held in his hand actually fell to the ground in the extremity of his terror. When they came to the high road, opposite to the place of execution, his sister and the servant would go no further.

"But some irresistible power," says Oehlenschläger, "seemed to impel me on, like a bird into the jaws of the rattlesnake. I had never been there before, but now I sprang over hedges and ditches to shorten the way. I drew near to the terrific spot in the lonely field. The sun had gone down; the darkness of an autumnal evening rested upon all. I did not dare to look up. I saw only the green sward beneath me, and its risings and hollows, as I hurried over them, seemed to heave like the waves beneath my feet. At last I saw the dark pillar right before me. I looked up: a pale and bloody head grinned at me from the stake, beneath which lay a severed hand. A headless carcase was stretched upon the wheel, and the arms hanging down, and the legs covered with woollen stockings. A panic terror seized me; I took to flight; I thought the criminal was at my heels, nor did I venture to draw breath till I reached the high road and rejoined my sister and the servant."

These wanderings of a heated imagination, it may be supposed, are symptomatic of no great progress in the graver studies to which the attention of Oehlenschläger should have been directed. In Greek he utterly failed. Had he been allowed to commence with Homer, or Herodotus, or even with the historical books of the New Testament, something, he thinks, might have been done; but the doctrinal and argumentative Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians he found himself unable to master, and began to feel that the Temple of Fame was shut against him.

It was during this period of despondency that the idea of devoting himself to theatrical pursuits, as a profession, occurred to him; not that he had any particular attachment to stage-playing, or any very romantic conception of the pleasures of an actor's life. His motives were, in the first place, to procure the only means of gratifying what had now become a habit, and almost a necessary of life with him, his taste for witnessing theatrical representations:—a passion the more violent, perhaps, that he had scarcely ever had a farthing of his own wherewith to gratify it: secondly, as musical composers prepare themselves for their art by familiarizing themselves with the range and compass of instruments in the orchestra, Oehlenschläger, who seemed to feel that dramatic poetry was not unlikely to be his ultimate destination, thought that the best school in which a knowledge of stage effect was to be acquired was the green-room, and the stage itself. One path of dramatic poetry seemed at that time almost unoccupied: the success of Holberg's comedies had turned the course of Danish poetry decidedly into the channel of the comic. Tragedy, except in a few translations from Lessing, Kotzebue, and Shakspeare, had already been scarcely cultivated at all. Samsoe's play of *Dyvecka*, no doubt, by the nationality of its plot, the brilliancy of its decorations, and above all, by the sudden death of its author, just as it was in the course of rehearsal,—and the Secretary Sanders's *Niel Ebbesen*, a melo-dramatic Pizarro-like effusion, also on a national subject, and full of 'gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,' had excited considerable attention in their day, but failed to maintain any permanent reputation.

This plan, which had haunted his brain for some time, was at last suddenly resolved on: his father, always too ready to gratify his whims, agreed to it; and his mother, though she would willingly have seen him devoting himself to another employment, was silent. He was introduced to Rosing, the star of the Copenhagen stage, and embarked in a course of fencing, singing, and dancing, as preparatory to his appearance on the boards. He had been too much accustomed to theatrical displays in his early life to feel any great apprehension on his first appearance, which seems to have been attended with no remarkable approbation; and though some of his subsequent performances were more favourably received, it did not seem by any means clear that the Copenhagen public would "certainly go to his benefit;" on the contrary, his appearances, generally speaking, were rather tolerated than applauded. Oehlenschläger, never much enamoured of an actor's life, and now more thoroughly awake to its annoyances from personal experience, soon thought he had reaped all the advantages he was likely to derive from it in reference to his culture as a dramatist. An acquaintance with two brothers of the name of Oersted, the one a student of law, the other of medicine, tended to increase this feeling; the jurist did everything in his power to induce him to abandon the stage, resume his classical studies, and devote himself to law. With the poet, a total change of profession, a transition from gay to grave, was a light matter; he

ran home, procured (as usual) his father's consent, and instantly transmitted his resignation to the stage-manager in a few dignified lines, who, somewhat to his annoyance, was pleased to accept of the tender without any expression of regret.

The curtain now rose upon him in a new character, that of the student of law, pursuing his studies, with the assistance and encouragment of Oersted, in hopes of qualifying himself in two years for his degree. A new incitement was shortly afterwards added to his diligence. This portion of his history is agreeably diversified by some love passages with Christiana, the daughter of the Councillor Heger, whom he afterwards married. The most singular part of the business, which is pleasingly and naturally told, was the coolness of the old Councillor on receiving the announcement of Oehlenschläger's attachment. All the poet's means, it is to be observed, were merely, as the schoolmen would say, *possible*, but not very probable, *entities*; he had not yet distinguished himself in literature; his law he could not hope to render available for years, and therefore the prospects of the lovers were anything but flattering. It was with a beating heart, therefore, that Oehlenschläger laid his proposals before the father, a musician, optician, fire-work maker, and fifty other things besides. He might have spared himself all anxiety on the subject; for the old gentleman, after listening to the young lawyer's maiden speech on the question, coolly rang the bell for his daughter, told her in a moment how the matter stood, placed her hand in that of Oehlenschläger, and—changed the subject.

As if to interrupt his studies still more, a war with England, and the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen, in 1801, occurred, converting all ranks for the time into volunteers. The military manœuvres were pleasant enough during fine weather; but, like Major Sturgeon's forces at Hounslow, they grumbled much at their marchings and counter-marchings when it rained or blew, and Oehlenschläger, who was an ensign in the corps, maintains that once, upon a raw and gusty day, when he was carrying the colours, the wind rose as if on purpose to discomfit him. Being all philosophers too, the volunteers had a bad habit of demanding to know the *reason* of any manœuvres they were called upon to perform. One of them, in a fit of absence, loaded his piece, but forgot to draw his ramrod, and, lost in deep thought, was coolly taking aim at his commander. The latter perceived his danger in time, and stepping up to the pensive recruit, struck his gun aside, and observed, "My friend, when you load your piece, always make it a rule to draw your ramrod. *I will tell you the reason why:* otherwise you may shoot your commanding officer through the body!" The services of this valiant corps, however, were not called into action; the encounters were confined to the ocean; one fine summer morning they were reviewed by the Crown Prince, who made them a speech, and thanked them for the fatigues they had undergone, and the blood they had shed (from the nose chiefly) in behalf of their country; the warriors were refreshed with wine and eatables on the field; a ball followed, and next day all was peace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOND; OR, THE DEVIL OVERREACHED.

THERE is no country which abounds more in works of imagination than Germany; where the wildness of the scenery—the awe-inspiring grandeur of the mountains, and the mysterious solitudes of the forests, seem to betray the mind into a belief in supernatural agency, even in the disposition of events the most trivial.

An instance of this delusion, to an almost fatal extent, occurred to a friend of mine residing at * * * *.

He was very much addicted to reading works of fiction, in which the arch-enemy of man, and his numerous agents, figure; and he might often be seen with his book, wending his way towards some gloomy recess, where he could indulge his appetite for reverie and solitude.

He was noticed, after one of these rambles, to be in a very desponding state; often exclaiming, "I am a lost man! He has me! The deed is signed and sealed!" In short, nothing could be obtained from him but lamentations for having committed himself in some way to the arch-fiend. At last, after much solicitation, the cause of his melancholy was frankly disclosed. He gave a circumstantial detail of his having been visited by Satan in person. He was reading, he said, a marvellous account of an interview between Satan and some great philosopher, who had sought incessantly for the means of procuring a longer lease of life than is generally granted to mortals, for the purpose of studying those abstruse sciences, the truth of which, he was persuaded, the life of man did not afford sufficient time to develop. It stated that his infernal majesty appeared to the philosopher in the form of a counsellor, with a bundle of parchment under his arm, and a bottle of indelible ink in his hand; and, addressing him, said, "he knew what he wanted, and had taken the liberty of laying him under an obligation by granting his desires, without expecting any equivalent worthy of the gift. That his bonds were ready printed by his devils and fit for use, wanting only the signatures. That

he had had little else to do of late but supply mortals with more time; as the march of intellect was so rapid, that the life of a man was passed over before he had half finished his studies. He felt deep compassion for their wretched condition, and had sacrificed his personal convenience for the good of his adopted mortal favourite; without expecting any greater return from his gratitude, than simply to enjoy the pleasure of his company after he had at length closed his earthly labours."

My friend added, when he had reached this part of the narrative he involuntarily exclaimed "Impossible! What! the devil to show himself to man in bodily shape, and hold conversation with him! I never will believe it."

These words had scarcely passed his lips when an ugly, blackened, stunted trunk of a tree, which stood directly opposite to him, gradually assumed the human shape in the form of a respectable-looking old gentleman dressed in black, who, with a good-natured smile on his countenance, that seemed to say, "What, you would not believe it, would'nt you?" at once produced a roll of parchment, with the words "Satanic Policy of Assurance" printed on it, and politely requested him to sign his name.

My friend continued, with tears in his eyes, to report that the influence of the demon was so completely overpowering, that he involuntarily received the offered parchment and pen, and he had a distinct recollection of having written his name where the fell destroyer pointed. It must have been many hours, he said, subsequently to this rash act, before he came to himself, for he had fainted immediately after the deed was signed.

This narrative was seriously submitted. In vain did I, and his other friends, attempt to reason him out of his belief that he had signed the devil's bond. His mind appeared to be so completely possessed with this idea, that day after day he sank under the dreadful consciousness that he had lost all hope of future happiness. "The bond! the bond!" he would exclaim; "ah! why did I sign it?"

At last the thought struck me, that, as a man who had lost his reason could not be open to conviction of error by the force of reasonable argument, it might be well to assume the tone of a similar belief. I therefore appeared to credit the fact of his signing a bond, and all the particulars his disturbed mind unceasingly dwelt upon. With this intent I took an opportunity of confidentially telling him I had at last come to a conviction that what he had stated about his interview with the devil was true.

"Ah!" he replied, "now you speak like a sensible man. Now I can derive satisfaction from conversing with you." "Well," I said, "it is a melancholy circumstance, and I fear there are no hopes for you. I wish my condolence for your lost condition could afford any ease; you have it sincerely." He appeared touched with my kindness; and said that it afforded him some consolation to think there was one person among his friends who did not think that his wits were lost, and that what he had stated had merely been the effects of a heated imagination.

I appeared to agree with him in everything. We were both in the same attitude; both leaning our heads on our hands —he with tears in his eyes, and I with well-feigned sorrow; when on a sudden I exclaimed, "Ha! ha! a thought strikes me: the devil presented the bond?" "Yes!" he exclaimed, rousing himself in great agitation. "You signed it, you say? Are you sure the ink was not dried up in the pen by his fiery fingers?" "Alas! no; there was plenty," he replied, in his most desponding mood. "Another question, and I have done," said I; "did you notice whether the instrument was duly stamped?"

I had no sooner uttered the word than he started up, and with the greatest vehemence cried out, "I'll be hanged if it were," and began prancing about with an air of exultation.

I took the cue from him, and danced about, snapping my fingers, and crying out, "You have done him! you have done him! What's a bond without a stamp!"

I need only add that my poor friend recovered his health rapidly; and leaving off his solitary rambles, together with the habit of reading tales of fictitious horror, he at last became completely sensible that he had certainly recovered from a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by studies which only tended to estrange him from that free and natural intercourse with the society of his fellow creatures for which man was created.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

See how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And heedless of censorious eyes,
Pursue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want molest
The downy quiet of their nest;
No interest join'd the happy pair,
Securely blest in nature's care,
While her dear dictates they pursue:
For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,
Our moral maxims, our religious rules,
Can learning to our lives ensure
Virtue so bright, or bliss so pure?
The great Creator's happy ends,
Virtue and pleasure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd,
Th' united essence to divide;
Alike they find their wild mistake,
The pedant priest, and giddy rake.

Arms. Ar. a chevron gu. between three torteaux.
Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, or., a peacock's tail, erect, ppr.
Supporters. Two rams, ar., armed and unguled, or.
Mottoes. "*Le roy et l'estat.*" "*Hostis honori invidia.*" "The king and the state." "Envy is the enemy of honour."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARBOROUGH.

From this family of the Sherards, which was powerful and opulent at the time of the Conquest in the counties of Chester and Lancaster, the Harboroughs spring. The immediate founder of its dignities was William Sherard, Esq., of Stapleford, county of Leicester, descended from Robert Sherard, Lord of Bromhall in Cheshire, in the time of King Stephen, who was knighted by James the First, at Oatlands, July 3, 1632, and raised to the Irish Peerage by King Charles, July 10, 1627, as Baron Sherard of Leitrim. His son Bennet, and his grandson, also named Bennet, were the next wearers of the title. The latter was enrolled among the Peers of Great Britain as Baron Harborough, of Harborough, county of Leicester, October 19, 1714, with remainder in default of male issue, to Philip, second son of the first lord. His lordship became a Viscount October 31, 1718, by the title of Viscount of Sherard of Stapleford, and was created Earl of Harborough May 8, 1719. On his death, October 16, 1732, the Viscounty became extinct, and the Earldom and Barony devolved upon Philip Sherard, Esq. of Whissendine, as second Earl. He was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Bennet, who, dying without issue, it next came to his brother, the Rev. Robert Sherard, Prebend and Canon Residentiary of Salisbury. The title on his death, in 1799, descended to his son, and when he deceased, December 10, 1807, it came to his son Robert, born August 30, 1797, the present Peer.

DUTCH POETRY.

We know less in England of Dutch poets than of Dutch painters. The language of Holland, considered to be corrupted German, is not cultivated, and has been slighted by many scholars, as if that which is not in in accordance with the established rules of other tongues could not be rendered the medium of expressing wise and beautiful ideas, as well as our own Roman, Saxon, Norman, French, Babylonish speech. Holland has her poets, which have only to be known to be admired. Of these Tollens is one. He is an admirer of English poetry, and has beautifully translated parts of Pope's works, especially his Heloisa to Abelard. A translation of one of his own poems we subjoin, which every reader of good taste and kindly feeling will admire.

WINTER EVENING'S SONG.

Het oosten blaast, het wintert fel.

The storm-winds blow, but sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank heaven, with blazing coals and wood
We sit in comfort here!
The trees as whitest down are white,
The river hard as lead.
Sweet mistress! why this blank to-night?
There's punch so warm and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

And if a friend should pass this way
We give him flesh and fish;
And sometimes game adorns the dish,
It chances as it may;
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear,
An extra glass of wine for all—
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

Poor beggars! all the city thro'
That wander,—pity knows
That if it rains, or hails or snows,
No difference 'tis to you.
Your children's birthdays come, no throng
Of friends approach your door,
'Tis a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm—to cheer, no song—
No presents for the poor.

And should not we far better be,
We far more blest than they,
Our winter hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine cups full and free;
And we were wrought in finer mould,
And made of purer clay.
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made *them* rags display.

I! better I? O would 't were so,
I am perplexed in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth.
You do not speak it—no;
Who knows, I know not, but that vest
That's pieced and patched all through,
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged—by good possest,
Generous and just, and true!

And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favoured stand;
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor deserted man.
And then I sit to muse; I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit,
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

And thus, and thus alone I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me;
That having more than I require,
That more I'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.

And thus I found, that scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Come beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our love.

List! boys and girls, the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Run, little ones, the man is poor—
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear, run fast, run fast;
What do I hear so sad,
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling, I heard her as she past,
And weeping o'er her lad.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this:
That wishing good, and doing good
Is labouring, Lord, with thee.
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. VI.

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE AND HIS MURDERER.

EVERY reader of history is familiar with the tragical end of the French King, Henry the Fourth; the singular narrative of L'Etoile is known comparatively but to few. In the sixteenth part of 'The Pictorial History of France,' published on the 1st instant, a translation of it is given. We copy it as it appears in that interesting work:—

"On Friday, the 14th of May, 1610, a day sad and fatal for France, the king, at ten in the morning, heard mass at the Feuillants. On his return he withdrew to his cabinet, where the Duke de Vendome, his natural son, for whom he had a great affection, sought him, to tell him that an individual named La Brosse, a professor of astrology, had told him that the constellation under which his majesty was born threatened him with great danger on that very day, and therefore he advised him to be especially on his guard. 'La Brosse is a cunning old trickster,' said he, laughing, to the Duke de Vendome, 'who wishes to have some of your money; and you are a young fool to believe him. Our days are all numbered before God.' The duke, upon that, went to report what had passed to the queen, who entreated the king not to leave the Louvre for the rest of the day. He gave the same reply to her which he had given to the duke.

"After dinner the king threw himself on his bed to rest, but not being able to sleep, he rose, sad, uneasy, and thoughtful, and walked backwards and forwards in his chamber for some time, and then again laid down on the bed. Still unable to sleep, he rose, and asked the exempt of the guards what time it was? The exempt replied that 'it was four o'clock;' and said, 'Sire, I see your majesty is sad and pensive; it would be better that you should take a little air. That will refresh your spirits.' 'Well said,' replied the king; 'order my carriage to be brought. I will go to the arsenal to see the Duke of Sully, who is indisposed, and who takes a bath to-day.'

"The carriage was made ready, and he left the Louvre, accompanied by the Duke de Montbazon, the Duke d'Epernon, Marshal de Lavardin, Roquelaure, La Force, Mirabeau, and Liancourt, his first gentleman. At the same time he ordered the sieur de Vitry, captain of his guards, to go to the palace to hasten the preparations which were making for the entry of the queen, and directed that his guards should remain at the Louvre. Such being the arrangements, the king was followed but by a small party of gentlemen on horseback, and a few valets on foot. The carriage was unfortunately open at each door, as the weather was fine, and the king wished to see, as he passed along, the preparations which were making in the city. His carriage was entering the rue St Honoré, from that of Ferronnerie, when it encountered on one side a vehicle laden with wine, and on the other a waggon filled with hay, which caused some obstruction, and he was forced to halt, as the street was very narrow, from the shops coming forward, which were built against the wall of the cemetery of the Innocents.

"Being thus impeded, a great portion of the valets passed on foot into the cemetery, to run more at their ease, and to get before the carriage to the end of the street. Of two valets, who alone followed the coach, one went forward to remove the obstruction, and the other was stooping to tie his garter, when a miscreant from hell, called Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angoulême, who had had time during the pause

which had taken place to note on which side the king was seated, mounted on the wheel of the carriage, and, with a two edged knife, struck the king a blow between the second and third ribs, a little above the heart, which caused the king to exclaim, 'I am wounded!' The villain, without being frightened, repeated the assault, and struck a second blow on the heart, from which the king, having breathed one deep sigh, immediately expired. This second blow was followed by a third, so fierce was the parricide against the king; but this only struck the sleeve of the Duke de Montbazon.

"Most surprising to relate, none of the lords who were seated in the carriage with the king had seen him struck; and if the hellish monster had thrown away his knife, it had not been known from what quarter the violence had proceeded. He, however, remained fixed, as if to make himself seen, and to glory in the greatest of assassinations."

We add the awful description of the sufferings of Ravaillac, by whose hand the monarch fell:—

"The first care of the regent, after having secured her own authority, and the throne of her son, was to punish the assassin of the late king. This was a duty which she owed to mankind; but humanity shudders to recal the manner in which it was fulfilled. Francis Ravaillac, beneath whose hand Henry IV perished, seems to have been a gloomy enthusiast, who had no great or settled object to gain by becoming a regicide. It was natural to suspect that he might have accomplices. To detect them, if such were in existence, was most desirable. None, however, were discovered; but the wretched prisoner was put to the torture in order to make him disclose the names of his companions in guilt. He was first sworn; and then the dreadful engine called 'the brodequin,' a sort of boot, was produced. His legs being inserted in the brodequin, wedges were introduced and driven down. The most dreadful anguish was inflicted as they were tightened, and force continued to be applied till the limbs were crushed, and the sufferer fainted. While he retained his senses, a minister of religion was in constant attendance to heighten the horror of the moment, by telling the victim that the exquisite misery he then experienced was trifling in comparison with that which awaited him in the world to come, when his sinful spirit should be dismissed from this. Not merely once was this attempt made on his conscience, but repeatedly was the question applied. No confession, however, could be wrung from him, though he was continually assured that for him there was no pardon in another state of being, unless he named those who had prompted his crime. It almost moves our admiration, to find that, thus pursued, he had the resolution to abstain from seeking a momentary respite from agony by making a false confession; but to this he could not be subdued. Other men, in the like melancholy circumstances, have been unable to resist the brutal importunities of those about them, and in their maddening throbs have breathed accusations against all they were desired to inculpate, and the guiltless have in consequence been sacrificed. In numerous instances, poor wretches have accused themselves of holding communion with the devil, and described minutely the various shapes in which, as they said, he had appeared to them, and the worship they were accustomed to offer to his infernal majesty. Bernard de Gué, it has been seen, produced to his judges, while suffering from being exposed to a fire, two bones, which had, he said, been extracted by magic from his heels; and Americ de Villiers declared to his tormentors, when tortured, that he had personally taken part in the crucifixion of the Redeemer. With equal ease might Ravaillac have purchased a respite from intolerable agony, by naming innocent persons as his accomplices. To this weakness, in his greatest extremity, the unhappy victim was never brought. He was at length sentenced to a horrible death. Justice, throwing aside all moderation and dignity, proceeded with insane ferocity, not merely to destroy the unhappy culprit, but the house in which he had lived was razed to the ground; and it was ordered, that within fifteen days after the promulgation of the sentence, that his relations, who were not shown in any way to have participated in his crime, should 'be banished by sound of trumpet from the kingdom, and forbidden ever to return, under pain of being hanged and strangled, without other process of law.' The miserable Ravaillac, no longer sustained by the enthusiasm which had carried him away in the first instance to an outrage so dreadful, now recalled the crime he had perpetrated with horror. He was carried in a cart to Nôtre Dame, there to ask pardon of the Almighty for the dreadful deed he had committed, and thence taken to the Place de Grève, where his right hand was burned from his body by sulphur, his limbs were torn with pincers, and melted lead, boiling oil, and flaming resin, were poured on his wounds. The infliction was long protracted, and the groans and struggles of the culprit are said to have been witnessed with joy by the populace. He was finally attached to four horses, which, pulling in opposite directions, at length terminated his existence, by tearing his body to pieces. Fragments of his corpse were then seized by the excited crowd. Portions of it wer

preserved, but bonfires were made in several parts of Paris to consume the quarters of the criminal, which were reduced to ashes, amidst the furious execrations of the frantic multitude."

A GENTLEMANLY EXECUTIONER.

It is known, at least by the readers of Mr Cooper's 'Headsman,' that in some parts of Germany the situation of public executioner is an hereditary office, but it is not so well known that the holder of it is considered a gentleman; and less still is it suspected that he may be a man of sentiment, who decapitates in a spirit of benevolence. Yet all this is so. Some time since the functionary, who, on certain awful occasions, operates at Rastadt and other towns, resigned his office, or at least engaged an assistant or substitute; but shortly afterwards, being at Heidelberg, he was shocked at seeing an execution performed in a very bungling manner. He takes off the head invariably at a single blow. The Heidelberg executioner made two or three chops before he finished his task. Upon this the ex-headsman is said to have exclaimed, "Good heaven forgive me! I am the cause of that poor man's suffering;" and, in consequence of that, he resumed the office which he had for a time performed only by deputy.

An eye-witness of his labours gives the following picture of a scene in which he was one of "the observed of all observers." It will be found the whole of the spectacle is sufficiently recorded.

"On my arrival at Rastadt, at eight o'clock, I proceeded to Derrichtplatz (place of execution), a spacious field near the river Murg, and obtained a place within eight yards of the military, who were stationed around the scaffold. From eight o'clock to half-past ten countless numbers continued to pour into the field from all quarters. The scaffold was a platform about ten feet high, twenty-five feet long, and fifteen feet broad, surmounted by a railing; at one end was a table covered with black cloth, surrounded by about eighteen chairs for the officers of justice; in the centre of the platform was a chair, in which the prisoner was to be seated when the sentence of death should be read to him; at the other end was a low-backed chair, firmly screwed to the flooring, and secured by iron bars, in which he was to be seated when judgment should be executed. As half-past ten approached anxiety was depicted on every countenance, and although a crowd of between 20,000 and 30,000 persons were congregated, the greatest decorum was observed. At the appointed time several carriages appeared, containing the officers of justice escorted by a detachment of life-guards. As soon as the court had assembled the criminal was led to the scaffold. He was smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid*, laughing in the most jocular manner, and in a lamentable state of intoxication. Criminals are allowed, a day or two previously to their execution, whatever they choose to ask for, and this wretched culprit had been regaling himself with champagne till it was with difficulty that he could walk straight. The greatest abhorrence was expressed at his disgusting demeanour, and nothing was heard around but 'My God, he is smoking,' and 'Heaven be gracious to us, he is drunk.' During the time that sentence was being read he continued to smoke, and after having addressed the crowd, and shaken hands with the judge, he was firmly bound in the chair, his shirt stripped over his shoulders, and his hair cut as close as possible. All this time he evinced not the slightest dread of what was going to take place; on the contrary, he appeared the most unconcerned person present. Two assistants now approached, the one with a black cap, which he secured over the culprit's head, and continued to hold it by a loop at the top at arm's length, the other took his station at a convenient distance, with that tremendous weapon the two-handed sword, holding it by the sheath. Everything being prepared, the headsman made his appearance, and drawing the sword he severed the criminal's head from his body at a single blow, in the most dexterous manner. So wondrous was the skill with which this was done, that the man could not possibly have been conscious of the blow. The head was then held to the view of the spectators, during which time jets of blood were spirted from the neck of the corpse until it was completely deluged. The cords which bound the arms were then unloosed, and the body fell through a trap door from the view."

SYMPATHY.

"Out from my path, thou ragged boy,
Thou can'st not taste what I enjoy;
Look at my chariot, chaise, and horse,
And then despise your garb so coarse;
Down with your hat from off your brow,
Look up, and view your master now!"

This is in thought the rich man's strain,
The poor man's greeting and his pain.

Could but the wealthy ponder once,
And heed the call to sage and dunce—
"Earthworm! what are ye? can'st thou be?
Lay down this night as mean as he!"
Could he but think that life's a shade,
That man, like blossom, soon must fade;
Did he reflect, that marbled stone,
Whose tenant once so brightly shone,
And o'er whose form the wint'ry gust,
Blows but the truth, "that all is dust!"
Could he think this,—the poorly born,
Would ne'er feel pangs, nor meet his scorn.

J. B.

THE PEN.

In a little pamphlet, called 'Stylophology,' written to make known the merits of Mr Alderton's improved steel pens, ink, and paper, we have the following history of the pen:—

"In the old Jewish chronicles we hear of 'calami,' which properly signify the reeds which the ancients used, being employed for the preservation of their verbal traditions respecting the early patriarchs; and this is the first mention made of pens or writing with which we are acquainted. But the oldest certain account we have of pens, as instruments for writing, is in a passage of Isidore, who died A.D. 636, and who distinctly alludes to the power of making and mending them. These reeds were used long after the introduction of writing pens, which have only been introduced into Europe since the sixth century. A poem on a pen, written in the seventh century by Adhelm, a monkish historian, who was the first Saxon that ever wrote in Latin, is still in existence, and manifests, even then, a full and fervent appreciation of the great importance of his subject, which at an age prior to the introduction of printing and the penny postage, must have been limited in its uses, misdirected in its aim, and misunderstood in its estimation. This poem by Adhelm was originally written in monkish Latin, but a few years afterwards a rough translation was made by Layamon, one of the old Saxon chroniclers, which, as being perhaps slightly the more intelligible of the two, we subjoin, from the original preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. The following extract will serve as a sample of the rest:—

"'Ye Penne thilk Paynimmine ne ye Christyan honde
Canne nathemo tellen sough yn owyre londe,
Thœt witen ye welle alle whilkced wellen hennen,
Thurge Creyserie syne ydette en eke pennen.'

"The following is a nearly literal version of the above:—

"'The Pen which neither Turk nor Christian hand
Can speak too highly of in our land.
This know ye that well that do dwell herein,
The great crusades were owing to the pen.'

"The quill pen has been used in this country, for writing purposes, nearly five hundred years."

Reviews.

The Juryman's Legal Hand-Book; and Manual of Common Law, &c. By T. H. Cornish, Esq. Barrister-at-law. Longman and Co.

This book is lively, but often very nonsensical. The barrister-at-law, like many of his learned brethren, does not seem overburdened with that very uncommon commodity, common-sense, and he knows as little of law as a legal gentleman need to know. George the Third once remarked that members of the legal profession did not know the law better than he and others did, who were not lawyers, but they knew better where to look for it. Many of the ornaments of Westminster Hall, who strut in wigs and gowns, have to look for their law when they want it, and if they speak from themselves can only mislead those who purchase their advice. Mr Cornish, however, has great taste for that by which we suppose he lives, or wishes to live,

"For 'tis a duty, all the learned think,
To fight for that by which they eat and drink."

See what a lovely picture he gives of Equity:—

"Of this dignified and comely daughter of even-handed justice, she, like her mother, is of heavenly origin. Equity has her courts, to which the injured resort; at whose petition she condescends to detect latent frauds and concealments; she takes cognizance of matters of trust and confidence; she delivers her conscientious suitors from the perils into which unavoidable calamity or oversight has plunged them; she grants the boon of a specific relief adapted to their several fortuitous exigencies; she throws her shield around the person and property of the adult who shall be deemed incapable of acting—*non compos mentis*; she makes a fair division between equal claimants, rendering the haste and clamour of the greedy vain; she is the widow's friend; the benevolent guardian of fatherless innocents."

This of Equity! Truly it is all very fine from "a barrister-at-law," but talk to a poor devil in the tenth year of a chancery suit, who has scarcely a hope of living to its conclusion, about this "dignified and comely daughter of heavenly origin," and we believe, writhing under attornies' bills, fees to "barristers-at-law," expenses of court, &c., and it would not be very astonishing if the victim should wish Dame Equity, not perhaps above the skies, but in "t'other place"—the place where Hamlet hints his most gracious Majesty King Claudius has his permission to seek the late Lord Polonius himself.

Personal Observations on Sindh. By Captain T. Postans. Longman and Co.

Nothing particularly striking appears in this volume. Individuals who happen to be on the ground when anything very remarkable occurs, naturally think of making a book. Captain Postans has done so, and with some success. What he recounts is often amusing though it is not important. His description of the hunting is curious:—

"Their method of pursuing these sports is, among the inferior classes, with dogs and spears; but with the princes and chiefs it is a very systematic and luxurious affair. The Amirs, seated in temporary huts erected for the occasion at the termination of one of the enclosed preserves, have the game driven

towards them by an immense crowd of men, the inhabitants of the country being collected from every direction for this purpose. Thus the Hindú is forced from his shop and the Mahommedan husbandman from his plough, and detained for several days without food, or a farthing of remuneration for their services, but too often losing their lives, or sustaining serious injuries, merely to contribute to the sport of their rulers. Thus driven from their covert by the yells and shrieks of the beaters, who, surrounding the sporting grounds armed with staves, and loudly beating drums, gradually close towards the centre, the poor frightened brutes in the preserves make towards the only path of escape left to them, which is an opening leading directly under the muzzles of the matchlocks of the sportsmen, who pour upon them a destructive fire. The mass and variety of game that is forced from the shelter of the jungle by this means is most surprising, for not only does it include numerous hogs and black buck, the nobler sport, but great varieties of smaller game, the beautiful cotahpacha, with foxes, hares, &c., in abundance. Hawking is also a very general sport throughout the country, for the capture of the beautiful black partridge, very similar in plumage to that of Cutch, abounding both in the interior and on the banks of the Indus."

CHAPS AND FELLOWS.

Why, Celia, look so grave when Spring
His genial warmth vouchsafes to bring
To all the smiling land?
Relieved from chill can you deplore
The numerous *chaps* are now no more
Which claimed your *lip* and *hand*?

"No," cried the pretty wag, "though bold
Those *chaps*, I thought them all too cold,
And you can hardly doubt,
Spring's welcome and the length'ning day,
Since while old *chaps* are driven away,
Young *fellows* are brought out."

H. T.

Miscellaneous.

Dr Stenhouse's New Mode of employing Creosote for the Preservation of Butchers Meat and Fish.—Creosote, so named from its great antiseptic power, which exceeds, perhaps, that of any other substance, has been long employed to preserve animal matters from decay. The only two ways in which creosote is usually applied for this purpose, consist either in exposing the meat which we wish to preserve to the smoke of burning wood, of which creosote is the effective constituent, or else in immersing it for a short time in water containing a few drops of creosote. Articles of food prepared by either of these methods may be kept for a long time; but both these modes of using the creosote are attended with the inconvenience that the food acquires the taste and smell peculiar to smoked meat. This may be entirely avoided. During the past summer it struck me that perhaps the vapours of creosote might be found efficient. The method adopted was the following very simple one:—I placed a small plate containing a little creosote under each piece of meat as it hung suspended in the larder, and covered both over with a cloth. The creosote soon gave off vapours which formed an antiseptic atmosphere around the meat, and kept it quite fresh three or four days longer than it would otherwise have kept. If the plate is gently heated before the creosote is put into it the vapours rise more quickly, and if the additional precaution is taken of suspending the meat in a box or jar closed with a lid, the beneficial effect is still more discernible. I tried this process during the greater part of last summer with invariable success, and a butcher, who tried it on a larger scale, was equally convinced of its efficacy. The meat, when cooked, has not the slightest smell or taste of creosote. Another advantage attending the use of creosote is, its smell is so disagreeable to flies that it frees a larder from the presence of these noxious insects. The same quantity of creosote may be used for several weeks, but on being long exposed to the air it loses most of its smell, and is partly changed into a species of resin.

Funeral of a Persian at Bishopsgate.—In 1626 there died at London a merchant, who was a Persian both by birth and religion, and belonged to the retinue of the ambassador, being his secretary. His name was Maghomet Shaughsware, and he was buried without the churchyard of St Botolph, Bishopsgate, but in a place close adjoining to it. His son erected a tomb for him, which, in 1720, when a new edition of Stowe was published, still remained, but was removed when the present church was built, on which was cut, in the Persian tongue, the name of the deceased with the following words, "This tomb was erected for Coya Shaughsware, the chief of the servants of the King of Persia, during twenty years, who came here on the business of the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian travelling from his own country comes to this place, let him read this, and offer up a prayer for the deceased. The Lord receive his soul! Here lies Maghomet Shaughsware, who was born in the city of Novoy in Persia." The funeral solemnities were performed in public, August 10. Between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, the ambassador, followed by the son of the deceased, and several other persons, accompanied the corpse to the place where it was interred. The son seating himself to the north of the sepulchre, with his legs across, read and chanted certain things alternately, intermixing with his reading and chanting abundance of sighs and tears. This,

with other ceremonies performed over the grave, lasted nearly half an hour, after which the friends of the deceased, to the number of six, did not fail of coming to the tomb every morning for a month together to offer up some devotions and prayers, and would have done so, perhaps, much longer if the populace, who began to insult them, had not prevented it.

Gambling Extraordinary.—The following is reprinted from the newspapers of April, 1812:—"On Wednesday evening, an extraordinary investigation took place in Bow street. Croker, the officer, passing the Hampstead road, observed at a short distance two men on a wall, and directly after saw the taller of them, a stout man of six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp post, attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. The officer made up to the spot, when the tall man fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff and demanded the cause of such conduct. In the meantime, the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and struck Croker a violent blow for interfering. The short man endeavoured to make off; however, both were secured and brought to the office. They worked on canals, and had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money, and afterwards for their clothes. The man who was hanged won the other's jacket, trowsers, and shoes; they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss. They got on the wall, the one to submit, the other to hang him on the lamp iron. They both agreed in this statement. The tall one, who had been hanged, said, if he had won the toss, he would have hanged the other."

An American Boarding House Dinner.—It was a numerous company—eighteen or twenty, perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defence, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished; whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums; and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding, not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lank and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs Pawkins felt each day at dinner-time is hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was soon over. —*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

The Gatherer.

Persepolis.—Under the early Persian monarchs Persepolis was the religious capital of the empire, to which the kings repaired at certain periods to perform devotional rites; to the eyes of the genuine Persian it would always appear as their true and national metropolis. Here the monarch, after his death, reposed in a tomb hewn out of the native rock, and in whatever distant part of his empire he might die, his body was conveyed in solemn procession to the city where his ancestors rested. The chief attendants of the king, the guardians of his harem, accompanied the body of their master, and closed their often eventful life in watching at their sovereign's grave. Two sepulchres, hewn in the mountain rock near the ruins of *Tschil-Minar*, are still shown. One is said to be the tomb of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the most kind and benevolent of the Persian monarchs. Near the close of his life, he visited the original and native seat of the Persians, where it is probable he died, and was buried; his faithful servant, Bagapates, watched over his tomb for seven long years, till death put an end to his weary vigils.

A Judge and an Acquitted Prisoner.—Lord Thurlow called on Tooke at Wimbledon, in the year 1802. "Mr Tooke," said he, "I have only one recollection which gives me pain. As Attorney-General, I must confess that I was prevailed on to act against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem for you." "I am aware of it, my lord. You made a promise to perform your duty with impartiality and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, as if influenced by magic, you laboured with all your might to convict me." "It is true," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So good morning, and farewell." "Stay, my lord," said Tooke, "if I could not escape you at that time, you shall not escape me now." "What is your meaning?" exclaimed Thurlow. "I fear no man on earth, nor

shall you threaten me with impunity." "I mean, my lord, that you shall stay and dine with me." "No, I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during his life.

Missionaries Wanted.—When the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas Moore was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic. The learned Budæus and others took it for a genuine history, and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity.

The True Cross.—Fragments of wood, stated to have been cut from the true cross, were to be found, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in every church in Europe, and would, if collected in one place, have been almost sufficient to have built a cathedral.—*Mackay.*

Newly-invented Paper.—Mr Alderton, whose steel pens were lately mentioned, has brought out a new description of writing paper, made wholly from linen, and adapted to the metallic pen, as it presents a smooth surface without that glaze which is sometimes found disagreeable. The specimen we have seen is excellent.

Meanness of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—It was told of Sir Joshua that he made his servant, whose name was Ralph, gave him half the shillings and half-crowns bestowed upon him for showing his master's pictures. Dr Farmer, on this being mentioned in his presence, applied to the circumstance two lines from Hudibras—

> "A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
> Who in th' adventure went *his half.*"

A Gratuitous Treat Refused.—An island in the Humber is called Sunk Island. In a letter which has been published, written in 1711, the following passage occurs relating to the rats, by which the island was infested:—"The present proprietor of the island has dressed these rats for food, but could never persuade his workmen to feed on them, though they might have had plenty of them for nothing."

Church-yard Payments.—For the sake of publicity it was formerly customary to make certain payments in churchyards. In Langdale's 'Dictionary of Yorkshire,' we are told—"John de Collingham, the rector of Easington, a little before the destruction of *Odd*, near Ravenser, used to sit on a tombstone in Easington churchyard, and there receive of fifty inhabitants 50*l. pro decimis quadragesimalibus*; that is, for Easter offerings."

Tulip-Tree.—This is increased either by layers or from seeds procured from its native country. There is no necessity for pruning it further than to cut out any dead wood which may occur in old trees. To render the plant more vigorous, the best plan will be to water it occasionally when in full growth with liquid manure.

Cuttings.—Honeysuckles, jasmines, and similar climbers, will strike readily from cuttings after this time. A little bottom-heat will forward the production of roots, and establish them better before the approach of winter.

Moths.—The readiest mode of destroying moths in woollen or other clothes, is to pass them through a mangle, the larvæ of the insect being, at this season of the year (August), destroyed by the slightest pressure.

A Card.—The person who advertises the horse-hair gloves, which are said to be adapted for promoting CIRCULATION, is requested to apply without delay at the office of the *Morning Post.*—*Punch.*

Sea Sickness.—A girdle worn round the body above the bowels, that is, over the epigastrium, will prevent sea sickness.

Beauty of English Girls.—I never see nothin' like it since I was raised, nor dreamed nothin' like it nother. It beats all natur. It takes the rag off quite. If that old Turk, Mahomed, had seed these gals he wouldn't a bragged about his beautiful ones in Paradise so for everlastinly, I know; for these English huffers would have beaten all hollow, that's a fact.—*Sam Slick in England.*

Recollections of the Departed.—Very trifling things connected with those who are no more make a strong impression on the youthful mind, more especially when the departed were persons of eminence. "I little thought," says Miss Hawkins, "what I should have to boast when Goldsmith taught me to play Jack and Gill by two pits of paper on his fingers; and when Israel Mauduit, the author of the 'Considerations on the German War,' dissected a flower of the horse-chesnut to give me an idea of the science of botany."

The Dog of Alcibiades.—The celebrated piece of sculpture, a cast of which is now seen in almost every piece of ornamental ground, is supposed to be the work of Myron. Dallaway, in his description of statuary and sculpture, says "it was discovered at *Monte Cagnuolo*, and procured by Henry Constantine Jennings, Esq., who brought it to England, and from whom it was transferred to Mr Duncombe for a thousand guineas. It ranks among the five famous dogs of antiquity."

Persecuted Royalists injured by Prosperity.—The followers of Charles II, when they had been exposed for ten years to the unfeeling brutality of Cromwell and his soldiers, did not learn wisdom from suffering. For them "the uses of adversity" had but moderate value. This we learn from Lord Hale, who, in his reflections 'On the Modesty and Reasonableness of Jacob's De-

sire,' says—"I have very often known those persons that have carried themselves steadily and commendably in a condition of mediocrity, may have been able to bear with victory the shocks of those temptations that arise from want and poverty; yet when in the late times they were advanced to wealth, power, and command, were lost, and could not bear the temptations that attended greatness, wealth, and power, and the sun of wealth, and prosperity quickly disrobed them of that mantle of innocence, piety, and virtue, that they kept about them against the storms of wants and necessities."

Angels.—"I have often tried to make out the exact ideas the poor people have of angels, for they talk a great deal about them. The best that I can make of it is, that they are children, or children's heads and shoulders winged, as represented in church paintings, and in plaster of Paris on ceilings. It is notorious and scriptural they think that the *body* dies, but nothing being said about the head and shoulders, they have a sort of belief that they are preserved to angels, which are no other than dead young children."—*Blackwood.*

The Queen.—Mr Howitt says, in his 'Rural Life,'—"Since the universal use of carriages, for anything I can see, thousands of people might just as well be born without legs at all. With the exception of the Queen and her attendant ladies, who, during the then princess's abode at Claremont, might be every day met in the winter, walking in frost and snow, and facing the sharpest winds of the sharpest weather, I scarcely remember to have met half-a-dozen of the wealthy classes on foot a mile from their residences."

The Great Condé at Chapel.—It is amusing to remark in some cases how professional men apply the language of their art to the ordinary affairs of life. After a gay and giddy career the Duchess de Longueville became a devotee, and one day prevailed on her brother, the Prince of Condé, to accompany her to hear Father Bourdaloue preach. The minister kept the congregation waiting, and the Duchess fell asleep. Bourdaloue shortly after made his appearance, when Condé immediately jogged his sister, at the same time whispering with perfect gravity, "Rouse, sister, rouse; the *enemy* is here."

Family Longevity.—About fourteen years ago, a farmer of Elmstead, named Pilcher, died at the great age of eighty-eight, leaving five sons and six daughters still living. On Sunday, the 23rd ult., these eleven persons, whose united ages now amount to seven hundred and sixty years, all dined together at the George Inn, Stone street, and afterwards went to church, where Divine service was performed by the Rev. Mr Prideaux, who took his text from Proverbs xvi, 31, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

— The musical festival of North Germany has this summer been held at Rostock, under the direction of Herrn Marschner and Pott. No particular novelty was brought forward.

— Mr Bunn, it is stated, has again become lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr Henry Wallack of Covent Garden.

— Respecting the Shakspeare's autograph, and the deed to which it was attached, lately purchased for the City of London Library, a correspondent thus writes to us:—"I have read so much about the only known autographs of the great Bard, that I think it right to inform you, that thirty years ago I saw his signature to a fine, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, then deposited in the Chapter house, Westminster. It was shown to me by a Mr Ellis." This is probably the deed referred to by a former correspondent—Mr Devon (No. 709)—from which the autograph has been cut off, and purloined. If so, there can be no difficulty in fixing the responsibility. Here we have proof that the deed was unmutilated only thirty years ago—in whose official custody has it since been?

— The daily papers say that Mr Washington Irving has come into possession of a large fortune, bequeathed to him by one of the Society of Friends—to whom, as the story runs, the distinguished author was personally unknown; and from whom this legacy is a homage to his character and literary fame. Mr Irving, it is added, intends to resign his appointment as American minister at the court of Madrid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber for Ten Years" is informed that the price of the 'Mirror' has never been altered. Original articles are supplied in place of selections, and a type is used which enables the proprietors to give much more matter than formerly, but no increased charge is made. The monthly parts, when they contain four numbers, are 8d., when five, 10d.; in one instance it happened that the usual supplementary number published at the close of a volume came in a month which gave five numbers besides the supplement, which necessarily, in that single instance, made the cost of the six, one shilling.

X. Y.—Small-pox.—This malady existed in China and Hindostan some centuries previous to its being known in Europe. In 572 it destroyed the Abyssinian army at the siege of Mecca.

Emma.—Tripharmacum is made of—

Common Plaster	-	4 oz.
Olive Oil - -	-	2 "
Vinegar - - -	-	1 "

Set them on the fire, and stir them till they become a paste. This recipe is now exploded by the faculty. It was printed in the late 'London Dispensatory.'

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